

MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR.



November 1944





At Notre Dame of Maryland, Mission Crusaders follow Maryknollers overseas

America Watches Americans

"**D**EAR MOM," wrote an American airman in South China recently, "please mail me a box of your white handkerchiefs. The American Sisters in the mission here haven't had anything from home for years — the mailman carries no packages in China except to the soldier boys."

In these queer days, queer things hap-

pen — G.I. Joe plays fairy godfather to Catholic missionaries! Back in the U.S.A., in school, church, and home, we are watching anxiously and praying fervently for both fighters and missionaries as they struggle on regardless of the cost, remembering that the future of our precious ideals depends above all on a world-wide victory of what God wants.

MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •



The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul



Father Sweeney



Father Tennien



Father Walker

THIS MONTH brings news of the most recent position of Maryknoll's South China missionaries. In **South China Up to Now** — Page 2 — Father Malone rounds up the Maryknoll Family and gives account of wartime stewardship. In **Bouncing on a Burro** — Page 8 — Father Frederick Walker bounced into the Bolivian town of Taraco for an Indian fiesta. Down in the Southland near McGehee, Arkansas, there is a large relocation center for Japanese-Americans. In **Ozark Oriental** — Page 12 — Father Gardner tells of his visit with the interned Japanese. An account of the **Toishan Hospital** — Page 18 — is written by Father Joseph Sweeney, who is the founder and pastor of Maryknoll's Ngai Moon Leper Colony. In China's northwest, there is a beautiful and very ancient **City of Orchids**, which is described — Page 26 — by Father Tennien. In Honolulu, the Maryknoll Sisters have a chat with the future residents of Father Damien's famous Molokai. The story is told — Page 36 — in **They Shall Not Walk Alone** by Sister Jeanne Marie. On the cover is the latest in Peruvian hats, which performs the twofold duty of protecting both the mother and the baby against the inclemencies of the sun and the rain.

Address all communications to THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XXXVIII, No. 10, November 1944. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August. Rates \$1 a year; \$5 for six months; \$50 for life. Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as SECOND-CLASS MATTER UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879, AUTHORIZED FEBRUARY 24, 1943. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921. Published by (legal title) Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.



South China Up to Now

by THOMAS MALONE

How has the Japanese campaign down the Hankow-Canton railroad affected the adjacent Maryknoll missions with their hundred and thirty priests, Brothers and Sisters?

FOR seven years of war and famine, the four Maryknoll Missions of Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, and Kweilin in South China have enjoyed Providential protection. Outside of the destruction by bombing of our mission compounds in Kweilin and Wuchow; the loss of our pro-cathedral and seminary to an invading force in Kongmoon; the loss of our Language School at Stanley, Hong Kong; the damage suffered from invading forays of Japanese at Sancian Island, Toishan and Yeungkong—

we have been singularly blessed in the safety of both personnel and property.

However, the most recent campaign of the Japanese, striking south from Hengyang and north from Canton, with a spur shooting in from Kwangchowan towards Nanjing, has been a serious threat and has caused the greatest dislocation in our work.

First to feel the brunt of the Japanese push into Hengyang was Kweilin. Monsignor Romanelli (formerly of New Rochelle, New York) was an eyewitness of the wave of refugees that rolled westward, seeking sanctuary. He writes:

"Kweilin is on the march. Evacuation orders have been given. The railroad is carrying out thousands of people daily. Coaches, boxcars, and anything that moves, are being used. The railroad stations are crowded, and people mill around, day and



Kaying Seminary housed this group of twenty-eight Maryknollers, six Fathers of the Milan Foreign Mission Society and Bishop Ford, assembled for the retreat preached by Father Regan of Kweilin. Transportation was by charcoal-burning bus, bicycle, but mostly on foot. Chilly January weather of South China made overcoats necessary. Food was sufficient but not abundant or varied. For names of retreatants see below.

Front row, left to right: Fathers O'Brien, Chicago; Donnelly, Phila.; Gallagher, Boston; Malone, Brooklyn; Hilbert, Rochester; Regan, New Bedford; Bishop Ford, Brooklyn; Robba, Milan; Eckstein, Ryan, Ia.; Bianchi, Milan; Downs, Erie; Murphy, Canada.

Middle row: Fathers Hanrahan, Bronx; Elwood, Brooklyn; Rhodes, San Francisco; Youker, Syracuse; Dennis, Staten Island; Krock, Cleveland; O'Day, Providence; Siebert, Akron; Trube, Bronx; Gaiero, Haverhill.

Top row: Fathers McLaughlin, Chester, Pa.; Slattery, Bronx; C. Murphy, Ansonia; O'Donnell, Phila.; Pouliot, Townshend, Vt.; Aletta, Milan; Madigan, Albany; Welch, Fitchburg; Maglione, Milan; Zago, Milan; Della Nina, Milan; Donovan, Newport; Madison, Syracuse.

night, waiting patiently for a chance to jump a train. When the train comes into the station, there is a rush for it. Those who can't get inside, climb up on top, and others even take a chance to ride under the coach.

"Down on the river, the boats are jammed. On the river bank groups wait with their baggage for other boats to come along. Some have to wait two and three days. These camp out on the river bank. Fortunately the weather is fine.

"On top of all this, refugees have been pouring in from Hunan. They thought they reached a place of rest and safety — only to find that there is turmoil here also. They are disappointed and must move on. They have reached here jaded, weary, hungry, thirsty, dirty, sick; and there is no one to help them. Father Greene and I would be glad to work for them, but we have no funds.

"Fathers Regan, Glass, Bauer, Daubert, Murphy, Kelliher, Tackney, and Elliott are still in the southern part of the Mission. They will meet at Laipo, and will leave by bicycle when it is necessary to go. Father McCabe is still in Chuanchow, and he will come down tomorrow or the next day. Father Wolotkiewicz came from Yungfu, and will go on to Laipo tomorrow.

"The situation is serious. Will the Japanese come this way? Everybody seems to think so. All civilians must be out of Kweilin within a few days, according to the newspapers."

Some idea of the difficulty of train



Fr. Cosgrove's mother treasures this snap of her son on left of Gen. Chenault (center)

most hospitable Chinese parish-priest, Father Lo. Three days in Tushan built us up again; and then we got a lift on a British lorry from Tushan to Kweiyang (the railroad has been built only as far as Tushan).

"We have received a wonderful welcome from the grand French Bishop, Bishop Larratt... It is typical of the

travel during these days of evacuation can be gathered from a letter of Father Donnelly, S.J., professor of the Wuchow seminary in Tanchuk. Father Donnelly escorted a group of seminarians to a place of safety at Kweiyang, capital of the Province of Kweichow. Describing the train ride from Liuchow to Tushan, he says:

"This is the part of our journey over which one would gladly draw a veil. Harrowing was no name for it! The train was due to leave Liuchow at 4 p.m. It actually did leave at 2 a.m. — next morning. We were traveling third class, and almost half of us had no seats! What should ordinarily be a twenty-three-hour run turned out to be *three days*, what with landslides, washouts, broken-down engines and all the rest of it. There we were for three days and three appalling nights, nodding to right, nodding to left, nodding forward, nodding backward, in the most crowded train I have ever seen. . . .

"Tushan came at last, with its delightful Catholic mission and its charming and

mission outlook and trust in Divine Providence of these men, that Bishop Larratt should say to me on my arrival: 'You have no need to worry much, at least for this year, *mon Père*. As regards next year, I do not know what is going to happen.' . . .

"We have with us here about twenty Maryknoll Sisters, with others still on the road; also, about eight Canadian Sisters of the Holy Angels."

In Wuchow, Bishop Donaghy received a telegram from the American consul, informing him of the seriousness of the situation and the need of evacuating. The Bishop delegated Brother Thaddeus Revers (formerly of Oberlin, Ohio) to escort the Maryknoll Sisters to Kweiyang. It was no easy journey, for Brother Thaddeus reports:

Mountain Hide-Out

"WE LEFT Wuchow on the day the telegram arrived, on the 5 p.m. boat. But with flooded rivers and washed-out trains, it took us *nineteen* days of hard traveling. When I left, the Bishop and the priests

had decided to stay, and head for the hills if things got bad. They started to sell their rice, and they moved what furniture they could to To-pong, a mission deep in the mountains, where they can 'hole up' until the storm passes."

Down in the Kongmoon area, somewhat removed from the danger zone of the Canton-Hankow railroad, Bishop Paschang (of Martinsburg, Missouri) and his missionaries decided it would not be necessary to move. Optimistic Father Kennelly (of Norwalk, Connecticut) writes:

"We are all staying put for the present. Got lots of hills to run to if the worst comes to the worst. . . . The Bishop was in good shape when he left here; he can really walk now, twenty-five to thirty miles a day. He made all his trips by foot with a little pack on his back. He had a beard, but has shaved it off since. While he sported the beard, the natives called him everything from a foreign devil to a

Russian and an Indian (policeman). These three classes are usually associated by our people with hirsute appendages. Because of his walks to the various missions to confirm and visit, the Bishop is in better condition than ever. So would a bishop in the States be if he made four hundred miles on foot for his visitation. I might add that the war has helped us all — we got back on our legs again, and we all do a lot of walking."

Business as Usual

SO FATHER JOYCE cares for his lepers at Gate of Heaven Leprosarium, Father O'Neill administers anesthesia at his hospital in Toishan, Father Farren supervises his soup kitchens, and the other Kongmoon missionaries are continuing to hang out the sign — "Business as usual."

To those who are map-minded, a glance at our effort to indicate the position of our missions in relation to the Canton-

The Japanese campaign below Hengyang isolates twenty-nine priests and fourteen Sisters in mountainous Kaying, a safe distance from the railroad





Fr. Reilly, Maryknoll Sisters, and Fr. Lynch (in foreground) standing in ruins of bombed Wuchow chapel on spot where Fr. Sprinkle was rescued

Hankow Railroad will show that Kaying will be cut off, and will truly be between the devil and the deep blue sea, if the Japanese succeed in capturing Kukong (provincial capital of Kwangtung) and securing possession of the remainder of the railroad. (*Quod Deus avertat!*) Bishop Ford is a sagacious leader and has great trust in Divine Providence. Besides, he knows it can't be long before the Japanese will feel the full brunt of Allied blows; and first South China, and then all of China, will be liberated. The missionaries are favored by the terrain of Kaying, for the Hakka missions are located in a rugged, mountainous country. One road connects with Kukong, and this dirt road crosses three precipitous mountain ridges and several shallow but wide rivers, all of which are easily defended. The Hakkas are used to war and banditry. Hideouts are easily prepared in mountain fastnesses. So Bishop Ford and his priests voted that evacuation would be unnecessary, as adequate precautions were being taken.

The Maryknoll Sisters of Kaying were congregated at Tungshek, where they used to have their language school. Father Dennis Slattery (formerly of the Bronx, New York), their pastor, is providing for the Sisters' spiritual and material needs.

Six More Priests

It would be especially a shame to have to move at this time, when the Kaying seminary has five more boys who have just finished their philosophy course, and are now ready for theology. The courses are given by the rector, Father Hilbert (formerly of Rochester, New York). As one student is already studying theology, in four years Father Hilbert will have six young Chinese ready for ordination.

To sum up briefly, Kweilin and Wuchow missionaries will serve their refugees until danger forces them to Kweiyang or to the mountains. Kongmoon and Kaying priests and sisters can continue work but will also retreat to mountain fastnesses if danger threatens.

Bouncing on a Burro

by FREDERICK WALKER

TARACO is a typical town on the Bolivian *altiplano*. A huge, Padreless church with a silver altar, its walls hung with beautiful paintings, stands guardian over a nestling flock of tiny, windowless, mud houses. And that's Taraco. No business section, no skyscrapers, no traffic cops, no street cars, no cars, no streets.

When I first saw Taraco, it was a tiny cluster of buildings on the end of a pointing, gnarled finger, just four hours of burro bounces from Guaqui, on Lake Titicaca. At the request of the Archbishop, I went to Guaqui to be met by a committee who would take me to Taraco for the Feast of Corpus Christi. The reception committee consisted of two rugged Indian lads and two burros. We went down to the lake shore, the gnarled finger pointed,

"My Aymara Indian guides took turns walking while my tiny burro pushed along with one hundred and eighty pounds of Boston beef on his little back . . . "

and I first saw Taraco, a typical town.

Across the dried-up bed of the lake we trotted, the Indians taking turns walking, while my tiny burro pushed along with a hundred and eighty pounds of Boston beef on his little back. After two hours of bouncing, my anatomy decided that this Walker should walk. So I walked.

The bells began ringing as we entered the town, shouts of "Tata! Tata!" joined the music of the bells, and out of the mud huts tumbled boys and girls in all states of undress to follow the Padre.

I entered the church with the citizens. They pointed with pride to the lovely, silver altar and the paintings on the wall and expressed their great content to have a Padre at last, while I in turn had to tell them that my visit was to be for only two days. They laughed. That would be impossible, they declared, because so many people wanted Masses, so many needed Baptism. However, I had my orders, and orders are orders.

These Strong People

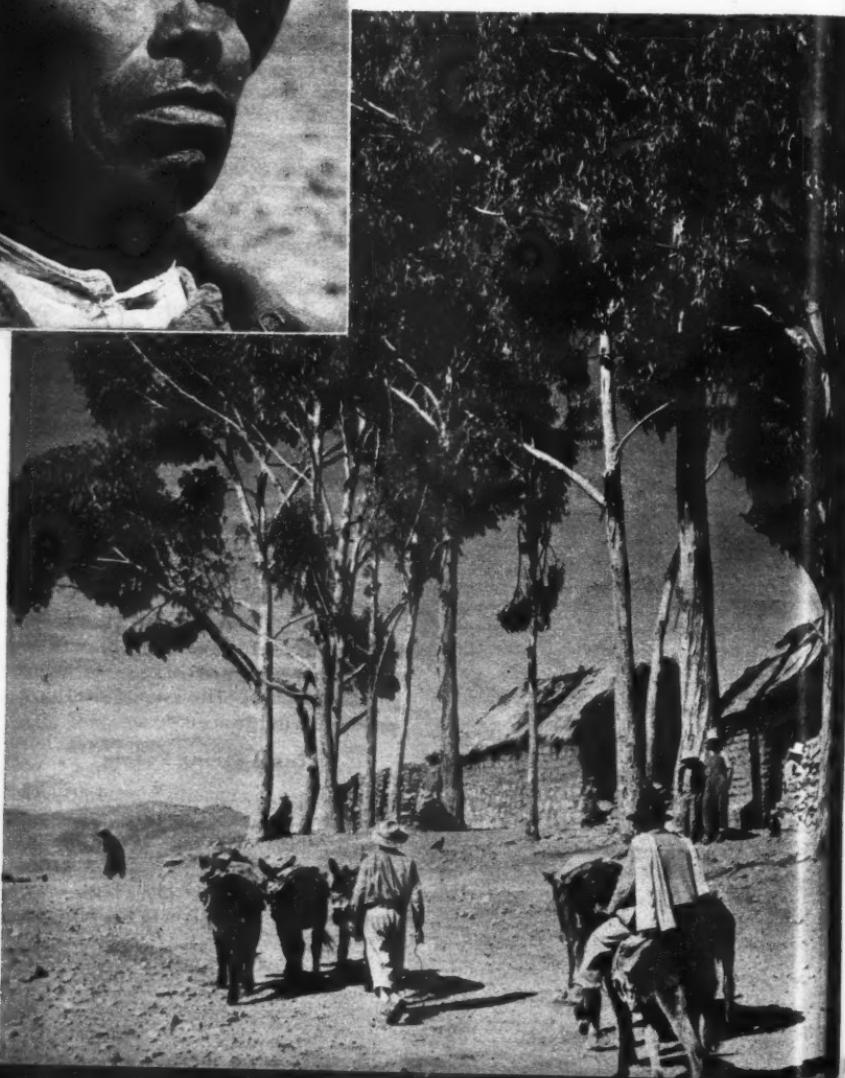
As we left the church, I went to look at the various altars in the plaza. Four towers, thirty feet tall, were made of crisscrossed branches of eucalyptus tied together with strips of hide. Each tower was covered from bottom to top with mir-

No street cars, no streets, no cars





The Aymara Indians in the little Bolivian town of Taráco make a distinctly favorable impression on their East Boston pastor, Father Walker



rors and artificial flowers. The mirrors were to reflect the light of the sun and were arranged so as to give an effect of huge silver or gold altars.

The towers had been erected the previous day, in a competition between four citizens. The one who had his tower up first became the sponsor of the Mass. That gnarled finger that first pointed out Taraco to me was one of the winning fingers; the champion had the disputable honor of escorting me into town. When I looked and saw what a feat of simple engineering these towers represented, I took my hat off again to these strong people, my Aymara Indians.

Traces of Manchuria

I WAS shown to the parish house, which consisted of a mud hut, windowless, bedless, and chairless (the burro cured me of chairs, anyway). In a pile of adobe, I ate two boiled eggs and then looked around for a place to sleep for the night. What appeared to be a projection from the wall, proved to be my bed. A structure of brick, four feet high, six feet long, and two feet wide, with an opening underneath for a fire, was my bed. It was nothing but a Chinese *k'ang*, such as I had heard the missionaries from Manchuria speak of, and was one more thing that I found these Mongolian-featured Indians have in common with the Chinese.

Soon a fine young Indian lad came in with a pile of questionable-looking blankets. He sat and gazed at me as I read my Office. Then he saw me into bed, and closed the door behind him after saying good-night. When I awoke, he was back, sitting where he had been sitting last evening. Yes, he was my guardian; he was accountable to the town of Taraco for the well-being of the Padre.

All day long, groups of dancers came

in from the neighboring hills and from the islands on Lake Titicaca. The music shrieked from cane pipes, tied together in ascending sizes to give a full musical scale. Each musician enjoyed freedom of shriek and seemed to play whatever he liked. However, there was a definite beat to the music, and the dancers were able to keep time fairly well. At intervals the women let out cries or sighs much like those I hear by short wave when a popular crooner is on the air.

Thursday morning broke forth in glory, and all was in readiness for the Corpus Christi procession. The children of the town, under the direction of the local teacher, formed the main group and sang hymns to the Blessed Sacrament. As we started out of the church, all the pipes began, and the dancers formed a colorful column of honor around the plaza. Before each tower or altar, the builder knelt with his family and friends. As we passed between the rows of blasting pipes, confetti flew thick and heavy, and the musicians and dancers joined in behind the procession. The noise was out of this world, but I'm sure it was sincere; it was an Indian prayer of a sort.

Padreless Taraco

AFTER the procession, I had many more baptisms. Then began the long trek homeward.

As I rode across the plateau in the back of a truck, packed in with chickens and sheep and Indians, I had time to reflect on the past two days. Taraco, poor Taraco, has no priest but much faith. It has a beautiful large church and tiny mud houses. It is high in the clouds, thousands of feet above sea level. It is cold; it is dirty. It has no skyscrapers, no traffic problems, no subways, but it is full of souls. Taraco is a typical Bolivian town.



Late Chaplain Flynn driving Cpl. Ouellette to church in North Africa

Friends in the Service

Detroiter in Rome

CORPORAL CLEMENT OUELLETTE, of Detroit, Michigan, writes of his visit to the Eternal City:

"The first thing I did was to look up the Maryknoll House. [Corporal Ouellette has a brother Paul at Maryknoll Seminary.] There I met Father Frederick Dietz, Procurator General of Maryknoll. He told me that, while the Germans were there, he was kept busy looking after the wounded. When asked by the Nazis why he cared for his enemies, he replied, 'I am a Catholic priest.' And they understood. He has placed his house at the disposal of the American Chaplains, and they vote him tops as a host."

Minstrel Boy

SHAUN CRAMSIE of the Bronx was born in the shadow of the Great Monastery of Clonard, Belfast, Ireland. The spirit of the

Gael showed in his love of martial music. He was Captain of an Irish Warpipe Band and a member of O'Sullivan's Pipers of the Bronx. Like a real "Minstrel Boy," he went off to war, becoming a Lieutenant in the Air Force. He brought joy and consolation to his devout parents when he wrote that, before every mission over Europe, he always received Holy Communion. When the killed-in-action report came, their Faith stood by them, for they knew their "Minstrel Boy" was close to God. He won the Air Medal and also the Purple Heart. Mrs. Cramsie is carrying on Shaun's custom of supporting a missioner one day a month.

Barreling Along

FROM Robert Dunn, of St. Paul Seminary, Minnesota, comes a cheery note written by his brother, Sergeant Eugene Dunn, stationed in Chungking, China. The Sergeant wrote:



Left — Corporal John McGahey of Detroit has helped rescue missionaries



Lieut. Cramsie, mission sponsor, was killed in action. He had won Air Medal and Purple Heart

"The Padre here, a Maryknoller by the name of Father Tennien, came over today and had dinner with us. He brought his motor-bike, which is one of those one-cylinder deals. It is amusing to see him barreling along a street with his coattails flapping. He's a swell guy and gets along well with the men."

Getting a Close Look

CORPORAL JOHN MCGEARY, another Detroiter, now in the South Pacific area, has done some deep thinking, if we can

judge by the following:

"The work of the missions has always been a source of enjoyment and interest to me and I know that, in spite of the hard life that is the lot of a soldier these days, the priests and Sisters of Maryknoll have experienced many more trying times than we. Many of our Catholic men are getting a close look at the work of the missionaries for the first time, and perhaps after this world conflict is ended, it may be the means of many men taking up a life of service for Christ."

Sergeant Dunn (extreme right) found a welcome at Maryknoll in Chungking



Ozark Oriental

by ROBERT W. GARDNER

Seven Maryknoll priests are chaplains to as many U. S. relocation centers for Japanese-Americans. Jerome, Arkansas, described here, since disbanded, was typical of the Government camps

WHEN cotton was king, and Arkansas was a land of plenty, the rich, fertile bottom land bordering the Mississippi, the St. Francis, and the Arkansas Rivers was bursting with energy. Long rows of chatting, happy, cotton-picking Negroes reached far across the endless plantations and pushed fistfuls of the precious fiber into narrow toting sacks, which hung from their shoulders and dragged along the ground.

Arkansas is about as remote as Death Valley. It is an attractive State, and its cities, like Little Rock and Pine Bluff, are clean and pleasant, but out in the hinterland are sections that are almost unknown, and it is into one of these parts of the State — somewhere between the Ozark Mountains and the Mississippi River — that two large stretches of land were set aside to provide places of refuge for the Japanese and Japanese-Americans from the west coast who were sent into protective custody after the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

Old Friends

I KNEW many of the Japanese boys and girls who had lived in California; in fact, many of them had gone to the Maryknoll schools in Los Angeles and Seattle, so I



They have six children in the Army

Nursing is one of the center jobs





Occupation for the kiddies is as homelike as the center can make it

thought that it would be a fine thing to drop down there and bid them the time of the year.

The two camps, Rohwer and Jerome, are near McGehee, Arkansas. I may be using the word "near" very loosely, but that is where the train stops and that is the point of departure for the evacuees. When I stepped off the train, the pastor of McGehee, a close friend and classmate of mine, Father Stanowski, was there to meet me.

"Hello, Robert," he said. And then, shoving out his hand, "*Ohayo gozaimasu.*"

"Hello, Charlie," I replied. "*Ohayo gozaimasu,* yourself."

"Say," he said, "you ought to know some Japanese. What are you supposed to answer when a Japanese says *ohayo gozaimasu* to you?"

"I dunno," I admitted very truthfully. "I guess you *ohayo gozaimasu* right back at him."

It was too late to go out to the camps that day; but in the morning, Father Edmund Ryan, a Maryknoller from Japan who is the Catholic chaplain for the camps, came in to McGehee to pick me up.

Camp Jerome — topographically speaking — is like a lot of black matchboxes spread out over a wide, level surface. It is purely utilitarian. The houses are oblong with slanting roofs and tar-paper-covered walls. They reach out in rows and are separated in sections like small city blocks. Along the housefronts and around the sections there is a series of drainage ditches which keep the mud from getting too deep in the rainy season. The administration offices, larger but of similar structure, are near the entrance to the camp. Surrounding the entire project is a high wire fence.

75 Per Cent Are Americans

IN ARKANSAS there are more than 16,000 of the 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry who were required by wartime restrictions to leave their homes. The Jerome Center, where I was visiting, may be considered typical of all such colonies throughout the country. It houses approximately 8,000 residents of whom seventy-five per cent are American-born citizens of the United States.

Under the supervision of a staff headed

by Paul A. Taylor, the center has established a system of self-government with an elective council, police force and fire department composed of evacuees. Although there is a detachment of military police in residence at the camp, they are stationed there for the sole purpose of protecting the Japanese-Americans from molestation.

The evacuees are not confined to the camp as prisoners. They are free to leave the grounds — with permission — and shop or eat in the near-by towns of Dermott and McGehee.

There was no trouble about getting into the place. Being a stranger, I went through the formality of getting a pass but there was no difficulty — a man at the gate simply handed me a slip of paper. There was a greater difficulty getting out, because somewhere along the line I lost the paper. But I wouldn't have minded staying there; it was a nice place.

In the first building we entered, there was a large, busy office force hard at work. Typewriters were slapping away at a merry rate and office workers were dashing back and forth with all the serious concern of big business men.

"It seems to me," I said to Mr. Lynn, who is a newspaper man attached to the camp, "that you are making a lot of work

out of just sitting here and waiting until the war is over."

"You haven't seen half of it, Father," he laughed. "This office is quiet compared with the others. These people, as you know, are very industrious. Even the Arkansas sun doesn't slow them down. Wherever a few of them get together, something is going to grow or get manufactured."

"Do they all have specific jobs?"

He hoisted his feet to the desk top, and said, "They certainly do. And believe me, I wish I had their ambition!"

Jobs for All

AT THE camp, every resident who wishes to work, may have a job. Private enterprise for profit, however, is forbidden, and the salaries are all based on a specific wage scale.

Deep within the camp itself, it was hard to realize that we were in the center of such spacious territory. The families sat on the front steps of their houses and played with the children. The men worked in their flower gardens, and the younger people gathered at their favorite spots and spoke the most American slang I have ever heard. The tone of the camp was actually happy and for a while I couldn't understand it.



YOUR PRAYERS. PLEASE!

WE HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow Members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

Persons sick, 2,389
Persons deceased, 1,986

Persons in the services, 2,176
Other special intentions, 5,277



The musical selections hail from Tin Pan Alley

The most prominent display of each house was its service flag. One family there has six children in the service: five boys and one girl. Nationwide appeals such as war bonds, the Christmas seals, March of Dimes, and the Red Cross campaigns are received with such enthusiasm that they would put many a patriotic community to shame. Not only that, but the young men of the camp register for the armed service just as soon as the clock and calendar proclaim them of age.

I learned, after a while, that the relocation camps are purely protective. The Government is trying its best to take care of them, but in some sections of the country, the local feeling is so high that the Japanese-Americans could not live in safety at their homes. I thought of the incident in Jersey, when Japanese employees on a farm were threatened by overzealous patriots.

And then I remembered, too, the article in a Western paper, which ran as follows: "The desecration of the Japanese cemetery in Portland for the second time within a year was blamed by a juvenile court officer last week on adults rather than boys, the

Associated Press reported. Ponderous gravestones were broken and tossed into heaps at the cemetery fence like a child's set of blocks."

Famous 100th

THE residents of the camp realize the condition of affairs and, for the most part, they are not resentful of the Government's action. Rather, they are grateful that the Government is doing

its best to keep them safe in the midst of a very delicate situation.

Of course, the Japanese relocation camps are proud of the now-famous 100th Infantry Battalion, part of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team composed of Americans of Japanese ancestry. The 100th Battalion, part of the force under General Mark Clark, of the Fifth Army, made themselves immortal by their tough, ceaseless fighting in Italy. There were 120 Japanese-American boys killed in Italy, and the people of the camps hold their heads high when they speak of it because they know that their sons reflect high honor upon Japanese-Americans.

I liked the kids in Camp Jerome most of all. They were the most American kids I ever saw. Their names were American: Howard, Richard, Marjorie and Alice. I looked down the list of inter-barrack softball teams that had been organized by the boys of the center, and there too, the names told a story. They were the Commandos, Shamrocks, P-38's, Klondikes, and Bombardiers. It didn't seem as if Tojo had a look-in in that league!

St. Michael of the Toads

by JOHN M. MARTIN

St. Michael of the Toads is a little mountain village. Its church waited thirty-six years for Padre Verhagen of Kaukauna, Wisconsin

ST. MICHAEL OF THE TOADS is just about three mountainous, torrid days by mule train from Tepic. I don't know what famous incident associated St. Michael the Archangel with a leaping amphibian but the little village of St. Michael of the Toads nestles, quiet and unknown, in the Sierra hills. And we went there to open the village church which had been closed for thirty-six years.

Father Verhagen and I packed sleeping cots and mosquito bars to furnish our al fresco bedroom while we were on the trip.

"Ho, Father," said one of the guides, "you should get tough skins like ours, and then the mosquitoes will not bother you."

"Do you mean," I said, "the mosquitoes will not hurt you?"

"Hurt me?" he exclaimed. "With skin like mine, they will bend their needles."

That night we erected the mosquito nets and as we dozed off to sleep, we heard the swish and slap of sleepy mosquito hunters. It must have been a lengthy contest because the guides were heavy-eyed in the morning.

"How were the mosquitoes?" I asked my friend of the previous evening.

"Toff babies, Padre," he replied.

I think he resented my foresight and wanted to teach me not to be so cocksure of myself, because as Father Verhagen and I were getting ready for a dip in the river

that evening, I noticed a white, wooden cross at the water's edge.

"What happened here?" I asked. "Did a man die?"

"Si, Padre. Crocodiles."

"Toff babies?"

"Si, Padre. Toff babies."

It's Now Norberto

AFTER fifteen hours of travel on the third day of our journey, we saw the lights of St. Michael flash through the black of the night. Then the old church bell was rung violently as the citizens gathered to greet the priests. To Father Verhagen, they extended a special greeting because this little town will be his future home.

When the Mayor of the village had inspected our papers, he turned to the new pastor. "How do you call your name, Padre?" he asked.

"Padre Verhagen," my companion replied.

There was a moment of silence while lips and tongues experimented with the strange word. Then, "How you call your name, again, please, Padre?"

"Verhagen," the missioner answered, enunciating very clearly. "Padre Norbert Verhagen."

"Oh," the Mayor smiled, "Padre Norberto!" and everybody repeated "Norberto" with ease and thus, because it fitted nicely in the range of their oral capabilities, the new pastor was renamed Padre Norberto.

On Pentecost Sunday the Blessed Sacrament was formally installed in the tabernacle. They had never had the Eucharist reserved in the thirty-six years since they had built their little temple. Immediately

after Mass there was Exposition. The names of the leading men of the village were posted for hourly adoration during the day.

Crowds thronged the little church all day, various groups conducting their own holy hours of prayers and hymns. We joyfully counted seventy-five Communions at Mass — a most gratifying result. Almost every day during the first three weeks, we had a baptism to perform. Several marriages were arranged to take place after the customary banns had been announced.

There is every indication that Father Verhagen will be a busy and a beloved pastor at St. Michael of the Toads.

School days are just as dreary in Central America as they are here

Huijole Indians cut a fast caper as the village celebrates a feast



Poor Man's Hospital

by JOSEPH A. SWEENEY

MARYKNOLL'S Sacred Heart Hospital opened at Toishan some ten years ago to serve the sick poor. Under Doctors Blaber, Bagalawis, and Chan, successively, it fulfilled its purpose until the war. The Japanese blockade, the costs of drugs and food, forced Father Frank O'Neill (formerly of Valley Falls, Rhode Island) to close the doors. An opportunity was given to Dr. Chan to eke out a living for his large family with the loan of the equipment, in return for which he gave medical aid to a few lepers under the care of the local pastor. Dust and rust came on the beds and the apparatus.

Toishan, home of the great majority of Chinese emigrants to the United States, last year felt the full effects of six years of war and of three successive crop failures. When famine was more than decimating the population, the British Army Aid Group came to participate in the work already started by United China Relief. Father O'Neill, present chairman of the local Relief Committee now superintending twenty-five soup kitchens and seven orphanages, was one of those who welcomed with open arms the B.A.A.G. representative, who came not only with rice and money but also with a stock of priceless medicines. He was Captain Surgeon Raymond Lee, formerly instructor in medicine at Hong Kong University and understudy of the widely known surgeon, Professor

Digby, who was well known to Maryknollers and always ready to place his skill and learning at our service.

Surgeon under Fire

CAPTAIN LEE is a Canadian citizen of Chinese parentage, whose ancestral home is in Toishan County. He had gone through the siege and fall of Hong Kong, operating almost ceaselessly on the wounded who were crowding beds and floors, and even the corridors and grounds, of the great Queen Mary Hospital. All the while there was an almost continual rain of bombs and shells. Some time later, with his family, Captain Lee managed a thrilling escape from the doomed city into Free China. His wife and children were sent inland, but he himself stayed close to the border at Waichow, Kwangtung. The place was exposed to frequent land and air raids, and there he organized, under the B.A.A.G., two hospitals for war refugees.

Father O'Neill, who had lived through two invasions and countless bombings, offered this brave resourceful man everything the mission had: the whole lower floor of the two-story building that includes church and rectory; another building, used for rice storage and as a home for helpers; and all the equipment of the former Sacred Heart Hospital. Bishop Paschang sent four Chinese Sisters to work as nurses. Other helpers were found, and



Father O'Neill — anesthetist

the B.A.A.G. hospital was functioning, giving the first medical relief to the destitute of Toishan — a locality where an aspirin or quinine pill costs twenty dollars in Chinese currency, or fifty cents to a dollar in U.S. currency. The hospital serves the poor exclusively, and it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter it. Not a cent is paid by patients for drugs, food, or service.

Operations under Handicap

Mobs of the blind, the halt, and the lame, burdened with every ill that flesh is heir to, swarm over the mission grounds and on the street outside. Daily between eight o'clock and noon, at least 150 patients pass under the eye of the doctor and into the hands of his helpers or onto any of the thirty plain board beds that happen to be vacant. At one o'clock operations start, and they are often

some of the most delicate. Frequent make-shifts supply for inadequate apparatus; a flashlight held by one of the nurses is usually necessary to enhance the lighting. The nurses are not yet fully trained for surgery, so Father O'Neill administers the anesthetic.

As chairman of the Relief Committee and missioner of the district, Father O'Neill has desk work and religious duties that have not allowed a single day's holiday in the past year, but, somehow, he



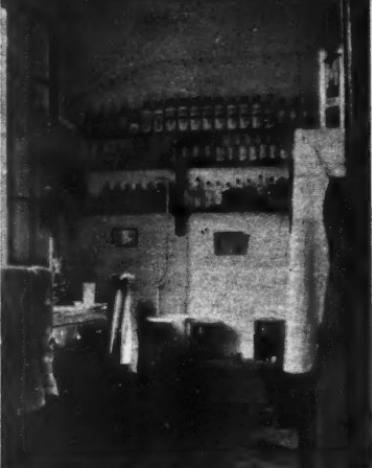
Thirty plain board beds with frames for mosquito nets make for cool cleanliness in hot and humid Toishan City

This combined church, rectory, and hospital is headquarters for activities of Father O'Neill and Dr. Lee



makes time to give the ether. Combined with the poor ventilation, the ether used to keep him from the supper table; but long use has given him a stomach for it, and his cool head has made him a reliable, expert anesthetist. Dr. Lee wants no one else, and Father O'Neill is happy to have these personal contacts with the refugees which his desk work denies him. Their team work is good.

Look around the operating table, and you see a Catholic priest and Sister, a Protestant nurse or two, and a doctor of no particular belief but withal a brave, skilled surgeon and a good Samaritan. You see a Britisher, a couple of Chinese, and an American. They are all doing their level best for one of God's own poor and bringing whatever talents they have to assist him. The scene might resemble the Crib of Bethlehem, with people coming from the ends of the earth, standing around and offering their gifts. Anyway,



When aspirins were rare as diamonds
Dr. Lee came with priceless medicines

there, certainly, are the United Nations; there is the kind of work that will unite all men of good will in one fold and under one Good Shepherd, the brotherhood of men under the Fatherhood of God.

A CATHOLIC WILL

WHEN Saint Francis de Sales composed a rule for devout persons living in the world, he laid down as one of the first duties the early drawing of a will. At first sight, this seems a strange obligation. However, a little thought will soon convince us that there are abundant reasons why the prompt and careful making of your will, with the assistance of your lawyer, is a wise measure of Christian prudence and, in many cases, a duty.

In this are involved your reasonable obligations to your God, yourself, and your dependents. Your dependents probably differ in the degree of their dependence on you, in their needs, and in their

capacity to make good use of money or property. In the absence of a will, what you leave behind will go to them according to arbitrary rules of law — rules which are not unjust, but which, in the nature of things, cannot take into consideration any of the personal elements you know so well. Our probate courts are filled with the family problems of the intestate (the legal term for one who dies without a will), and the consequences are frequently deplorable.

Why not drop us a card and ask for a copy of our free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will?* Address: THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.



Point of departure is the quadrangle at Maryknoll's Seminary

1944 Contingent

THE final group of Maryknoll priests assigned to the missions in 1944, to Indian missions in the jungles or mountains of South and Central America for the most part, are now on their way to their new posts. We had hoped to send some of them to China, but we were unable, because of the war effort, to obtain the necessary passports and transportation.

To reach their mission stations in Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador, Peru, and two countries of Central America, these missionaries will

have to use most of the modern and ancient modes of transportation: steamships, ferryboats, canoes, airplanes, railroad trains, pack horses, and burros.

Some of their missions are more than 12,000 feet above sea level; others are in the dense jungle at the headwaters of the Amazon River. That is why the fare and equipment for each missioner come to \$500. Would you like to help get them to people who are without priests? You can do so by paying at least part of their fare.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

I am interested in helping to equip and to send to the fields afar your new group of missioners. Enclosed find \$_____ towards the \$500 needed for each of them.

My Name _____

My Address _____

(City) _____ (Zone) _____ (State) _____

MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



All Souls

THE evening of the year steals upon us; the last sere and yellow leaf falls from the tree as the bright pageant of our allotted time in the sun draws towards its close, yielding the stage to that very efficient scene shifter known as November. Even so is it with life when its promise is spent — and poignantly so in our day when the budding promise of so many blameless young lives is not so much spent as expended; cut off, as it were, by some unseasonable blight in its very springtime and fulfilled only in the noble sacrifice of dying that others might live. On the brave spirits of our fallen soldiers, on the hunted and starved refugee victims of war all over the world, and on the souls of all the faithful departed, may God in His infinite goodness have mercy. May He grant them a place of refreshment and peace making them worthy to be partakers of the lot of the saints in light, delivering them from the horrors of darkness, and translating them into the kingdom of the Son of His love (*Col. I: 12-13*).

Divine Offensive

OURS is a conquering Faith, not a defensive one. It does not shun the light even though it is forced into the catacombs at times in order to preserve the light. Inherently it is a divine offensive that walks openly in the day and glories in its objective of reconciling the entire world

to God. It seeks to do this not by power or pressure or any other human means, but by the compelling bonds of charity and conscientious conviction. It is a missionary Faith that makes no secret of its aim to bestow on all men their goodly heritage of salvation in Christ.

Feed My Sheep

TOSTAY in the quiet cloisters of sanctuary life and minister to the people who find religion by their own unassisted efforts is one way of propagating the Faith, and to rush out into the streets and force religion on the attention of the people is another, but neither one of them is necessarily the best method. The golden mean between these two extremes of conservative stagnation and proselytizing fanaticism is to descend from the ivory tower and circulate among the people with courtesy and discernment, making every due allowance for their customs and circumstances while bringing a little Christ-like sympathy and helpfulness to minister to their practical needs and human sensibilities. This is taking religion to the people in a form that they may recognize and accept, for they are more likely to see truth in the practice of the beatitudes than they are to find God in the whirlwind. But take it to them we must; for they will not come and get it unless they already have it, and the problem is to give it to those who have it not. Such at least is the experience of the missioner

who finds that the harder the job is made for himself and the easier it is made for the people, the more successful is his mission work likely to be.

The Cheering Section

IS HATE a necessary ingredient in freeing the world from trouble and disposing the world to peace? Our soldiers and sailors apparently do not think so. These courageous young Americans have been conspicuously lacking in any deep-seated ill will towards their enemies in the field, whom they rightly regard as automatons victimized by perverted leaders, misguided pawns to be pitied in sorrow rather than to be despised in anger. We think all thoughtful men will agree that this corrosive poisoner of world peace, far from being a solvent of trouble, is largely responsible for the very trouble that now engulfs us all. We do not know anybody who will speak a good word for hate except that small contingent of vocal citizens who sit safely on the sidelines and boil with vicarious rage, as braver and better men go out and give their life blood to rectify the errors that hate has caused.

Members of Christ

ON SEPTEMBER 5, 1942, the internees at Stanley Internment Camp in Hong Kong, American and British alike, received five dollars each from the Holy Father. The gift was small but the internees were many

and the total gift represented some thousands of dollars. The moral effect of receiving anything at all in those circumstances was great. The French Procurator of the Missions Etrangères in Hong Kong is sending parcels of food regularly to Father Meyer and Father Hessler in the Stanley Camp — though how much and what kind of food he can obtain in the beleaguered little colony is something of a mystery. The French and German missionaries in Manchuria have been able to assist their interned confreres of other nationalities with gifts in kind from time to time. Meanwhile Bishop Ford returns the compliment by solving many of the problems of the German Dominican Fathers in his South China area, while Monsignor Romaniello and

his missionaries take care of neighboring Italian missions that were deprived of their pastors by the exigencies of war. So do the missionaries of the world-wide Church come to each other's rescue in time of need, bearing one another's burdens and thus fulfilling the law of Christ. There is no charity and loyalty in the world comparable to that which binds the members of the household of the Faith to each other. All are truly one who are one in Christ.

That all may be one, even as thou, Father, in me and I in thee; that they also may be one in us. — John 17, 21



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

Flight From Fury



"Kwelling is on the march. Evacuation orders have been given. The railroad is carrying out thousands of people daily. On top of all this, refugees are pouring in from Hunan. They thought they had reached a place of rest and safety — only to find that there is turmoil here, also. They are disappointed and must move on. They have reached here jaded, weary, hungry, thirsty, dirty, sick; and there is no one to help them. Father Greene and I would be glad to work for them, but we have no funds."

T
M
F



This message (see page 2) was received from
Maryknoll's Monsignor John Romaniello, who with
Father Greene remained in Kweilin to the last.

City of Orchids

by MARK TENNIEN

ON THE upper reaches of the Yellow River, where high mountains squeeze the water into a narrow, hurrying stream, is a frontier city. Where the waters turn a great rainbow bend, travelers, nomads, or perhaps just a flower lover, found orchids in profusion. And so, far back in the pages of history, some dreamer called the place the "Bank of Orchids." That is the English translation for the old city in China's Northwest, called Lanchow or Kaolan — Bank of Orchids.

The city of orchids grew on the south bank of the Yellow River, and high walls with lookout towers were built to protect it. The Yellow River was to serve as its moat. Behind that, the Great Wall of China looped down to keep the attacking Mongols to the North from taking Lanchow.

The cool, dry climate gives a dash of red to the cheeks of people living there, and many of the tall, big-framed northern Chinese look not unlike American Indians. There are, in fact, many things that mark Lanchow as a frontier city, and remind one of the frontier towns of our own Southwest.

The high point of interest in Lanchow

is in the Catholic Mission. There is stored most precious antique treasure. Most of the antiques in the world are young in comparison. This treasure is a room full of burial urns, stone knives and axes, and bone needles which had been used in that

locality five thousand years ago.

Prehistoric man roamed over this section before the use of metals was known. He could not write, but he could fashion clay into vessels. In his love of art, he drew designs of beauty on the clay he molded, and baked them into the urns.

The styles and designs of the urns are the same as those of the burial urns found in the Near East, Greece, Crete, and Sicily. So scholars have concluded that these early dwellers of Kansu migrated from the west.

Cowhide Tank Cars

ARCHAEOLOGIST Dr. Anderson unearthed some of these urns on hills in the Tao River valley, some twenty years ago. He said they were of the period 3500-3000 B.C. When the archaeologist had gone, the Catholic Mission told the people the missionaries would buy some of those urns if



Tall-hatted Tibetans visit Lanchow

In the mysterious Northwest of China, Maryknoll's Father Ten-nien finds a city of famous traditions, the glamorous "City of Orchids" in Kansu Province

found. The people worked like ants to find them, and now the mission has collected several hundred of the precious relics.

Mules and horses hitched to high-wheeled carts kicked up enough dust for a smoke screen. But there was one with a curious-looking cargo. It was a cow hide without the carcass, and made the onlooker wonder if the cow had jumped out of its skin. It must be that skinners start from the head, and skin the hide off as we pull a sweater off over our heads. The feet and neck holes are then tied up, and the skin is used like a tank car, to transport all sorts of things. This mule cart was loaded with a cow skin filled with vegetable oil, and when buyers came up with their jugs, the string on one leg was loosened for the oil to run out of the skin.

Go West, Young Man

WE CROSSED the river on a sheepskin raft. The raft weighs only a few pounds and is carried upstream after the cargo has been unloaded. As we crossed the river, one ferryman paddled, while the other took the opportunity to inflate the pelts which must be done every two days. He unwound the cord from one of the leg holes and held the leg tight with his hand. Inhaling a deep breath, he then put his mouth to the hole and blew until the pelt was full and hard.

Lanchow is intensely interesting, but one looks to the land beyond—Sinkiang



Across rivers by sheepskin raft



Overland by high-wheeled carts



Fifteen days to the oasis land





"You're next" at the walking barber's

and Central Asia—with piquant curiosity. Horace Greeley's words ring out again: "Go west, young man! Go west!"

Across the bridge and at the edge of the city is the famous Gateway to Central Asia. On the mountainside where the road winds out of Lanchow, the caravans used to go through this beautiful gateway. It had to be torn down a few years ago, when the trail was widened for automobiles; but it is still known as the Gateway to Central Asia. Beyond the gateway to the west is the Kansu corridor about eight hundred miles long; it leads to the borders of Chinese Turkestan, now named Sinkiang. The massive southern mountains line the corridor on the south, and high northern mountains and the Gobi Desert flank it on the north. This long corridor strip, fifty miles wide, is the only roadway from China to Central Asia.

Up the corridor some seven hundred miles, are China's newly operated artesian

oil wells. The caravan trail and cart track were changed into an automobile road only by the war. Now convoys of trucks go up and down the corridor for oil.

For the most part, Chinese have looked upon Sinkiang as a colony. The Chinese Government attempted three settlement programs within the last fifty years, but all ended in failure. Now, after floods, drought, and famine have impoverished Honan for the past two years, the Government has worked out another resettlement plan in Sinkiang, for the victims from Honan.

The Chinese Government transports all the families who are willing to go, free of charge. Most of those who have accepted the offer have been settled in the fertile land near Tihwa, and eastward. Four Chinese acres per person are allotted to a family, but they may have more if they wish. Free food is given to the settlers for a half year, together with implements to work the land, seed, and beasts to till it.

Outpost of Christianity

STRANGE though it seems, Sinkiang knew Christianity when most of Europe was still worshiping pagan idols. Sometime in the early centuries, Nestorian and Manichean Catholic missionaries worked in Sinkiang, and far into western China. Ruins of old churches and monasteries have been unearthed by explorers in Sinkiang, which lead one to believe that perhaps half the people were Christians. But as the Moslems moved in and outnumbered the others, strife and slaughter decimated the Christians.

The Emperor of China had asked the Pope for a hundred missionaries in Marco Polo's time. Unfortunately, they were not sent. The Franciscan, John of Monte Corvino, set out with a small group, but

many died on the way. When they passed on, no missionaries arrived for over three hundred years, for China had closed her doors to all foreigners. China was without missionaries until Jesuits went to the court at Peking, in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Then, as time rolled on, missionaries filtered in and spread to the interior.

In 1879, Belgian Fathers took over the work in Kansu and Sinkiang. They lived in Kansu and continued to send missionaries over the long trail to Sinkiang every two years. Ten years later they had more missionaries and two were sent to live in Sinkiang. They came from Belgium via Russia.

An interesting occurrence befell the new missionaries when they reached Kuldja, first city in Sinkiang. The Christians had a little chapel for the priest who had come from Kansu every two years. During the long intervals, Russian Orthodox priests living in the city had offered to minister to the Christians, but had always been refused. When the Belgian Fathers came from Russia instead of China, the people were not sure the newcomers were Roman Catholics, though they said they had been sent by the Holy Father. The people held council and then asked three significant questions to prove if the newcomers were Russian Orthodox priests. They asked the Fathers if they had wives, if they could make the Sign of the Cross, and if they would recite the *Hail Mary*. When the missionaries passed the test satisfactorily, the people admitted them to the chapel and accepted their ministrations.

Soviet Control

FOR a little over thirty years, the few Belgian Fathers lived and worked in Sinkiang. They then invited the German Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, who had more recruits, to take over

Kansu and Sinkiang; so that the Belgians could develop their missions in Mongolia.

All was serene for the eleven Divine Word priests during the first decade, until the Soviet control came in 1934. From then on, pressure was exerted against the missionaries, and it grew stronger as time went on. All sorts of petty persecutions, restriction, irritations, and threats failed to drive the priests away; so in July, 1939, they were thrown into prison.

In 1941, after a year and a half in prison, the Divine Word missionaries were brought to the border of Sinkiang in chains. There that group of emaciated men, scarred in body and in mind, were set free. Now they are here in Lanchow, awaiting the passing of the storm. The City of Orchids will once more be the gateway by which missionaries will enter Sinkiang to sow again the seeds of faith.



Mode à la Tibet, with silver jewels

Knoll Notes

Eternal Rest

"**U**NTIL we meet merrily in heaven!" These are the closing words of the last letter written by our cofounder Bishop James A. Walsh to his priestly sons.

All Souls' Day finds Maryknollers filing down to our little God's Acre where our two cofounders sleep under the shadow of the Cross. We think it not presumptuous to feel confident they are both enjoying the beatific vision, yet as dutiful sons we discharge our filial debt of praying for our spiritual fathers and at the same time asking them to hasten the day when after "the busy world is hushed and our work is done" we shall all meet merrily in heaven.

The Black Watch

CONVERSION from oil to coal at the request of

Uncle Sam has made it necessary to pile a few hundreds of tons on our lawn. Moving this mountain of coal within reach of the firemen who tend our hungry boilers is a daily stint for a squad of seminarians. Some Maryknoll mothers may be shocked to see their grimy-faced sons of the Black Watch carrying out this little assignment. But we hasten to assure them that their darling boys are not "in the jug" nor are they "doing detail." They are just rolling up their sleeves like good missionaries and pitching in to meet an emergency. They meet plenty of them at Maryknoll and learn to take them in stride.



The crucified Christ stands sentry

Loading buckets is a warming task



Keep Them Rolling

IN THIS machine age, it would be unprogressive and inefficient of Maryknollers not to make use of every mechanical invention available to hasten the

(Right) — Balky multigraphs can't keep Postulant Brother John Walsh from smiling

Not much action when grave theologians get into a volleyball game — a mere cyclone



spread of the word of God. But the human element is indispensable so Brother Fix-It gets many a call to keep our office machines in tiptop condition. Our resources limit us to second-hand typewriters, multigraphs, addressographs, mimeographs, which keep Brother Ambrose constantly in demand to make repairs.

Keeping in Shape

YEARS ago when volley ball first began to be played, it was long before it found any popularity among Knollers. But those were the days of the giants! Now four courts are crowded with milling contestants. A faster game requiring good teamwork, keen eye and steady hand, has improved the performance so that even the giants get exercise.

Hollywood in China

by WILLIAM GARGAN

William Gargan, a prominent moving picture actor, on a U.S.O. tour through the Orient was deeply impressed by the American missionaries he encountered in the Far-Eastern battle areas.

THIS is my first attempt to write an article for a Catholic publication, and I am a little confused as to how to start it. The thought occurred to me: "Why not tell readers a few interesting and amusing incidents that happened in my travels to my distant posts?"

I have met many Army chaplains. But we were not allowed to keep a diary, and I am not good at remembering names; so I shall have to refer to the chaplains as Father "A," Father "B," and so forth.

When we arrived at the port of embarkation on the east coast, I learned that, although we were civilians, we were under Army orders, subject to all regulations. Therefore, we were permitted the privileges of attending Mass in the afternoon and of receiving Holy Communion at that Mass after four hours of fasting. We were stationed at the port three days, during which time we were "briefed"; that is, instructed in detail on what to do and what not to do if the plane should fall in the water or in a jungle.

Before the briefing, we were given a short discourse by the chaplain. His remarks were very clear and to the point. He said, substantially, the following:

"I am not going to suggest that, when you are overseas, you pray. It won't be

necessary for me to sell you the idea, because as you get nearer the fighting lines, brethren, you'll pray! And after the war is over, I'd like to invite each and every one of you to visit me in my parish in the beautiful city of Brooklyn."

The day before we left, we were put "on the alert" — which means we were confined to the hotel. After weighing in and having our passports put in order, I went to see Father "A," went to confession, and received Communion at the afternoon (4:30) Mass. After Mass, Father asked me if I would deliver something for him to Father "B" in Kweilin, China. Then he gave me three thousand hosts and two bottles of wine.

We boarded the plane the following morning. After five days of continuous flying, we arrived in Delhi, India. It was there that I met Father Nolan of Tampa, Florida, who is in charge of all the chaplains in the C.B.I. theater. He told me where I could find Father "B"; and asked me if I would also deliver a white vestment, which had been in transit one year and a half, to Father "C."

The story of that vestment is rather interesting. It seems that some of our soldiers stationed in China attended Mass in a small place in the town whenever the missionary could get there. The missionary's vestments were frayed, so the American soldiers chipped in and wrote to New York to send on another set. The priest received all the vestments except the white one, which was delayed in the mails. Eventually it got to Delhi and into the hands of Father Nolan. As Easter was approaching, Father Nolan was anxious that Father

"C" should get his white vestment without further delay.

They Envy Supplies

ON LEAVING Delhi, I therefore had a dual mission: to attempt to entertain the soldiers, and to be a delivery messenger. We flew into China several days later. There I met Father Hughes, a Franciscan, and Father Greene of Maryknoll, who informed me that Father "C" was not in Kweilin but at a base considerably farther north. When I told those priests what I had, I think they were slightly envious, especially about the altar wine, as that is almost impossible to get over there. So, remembering the loaves and fishes, I gave them a bottle. I am sure, if Father "B" reads this, he will understand — as I did not tell him of my generosity with his goods!

We arrived, about a week later, at Kweilin, which was to be our base of operations for ten days. There I had an amusing experience.

Colonel Casey Vincent gave us a party at a place called The Red Plum. After dinner several fliers went to another room and started a game that is played with two dice — a typical American pastime. Our USO instructions were that we should not get into any gambling games, but I guess the sound of the galloping dominoes got the best of me. In spite of the fact I never win at any form of gambling (even at church bazaars), something hap-

pened this particular night, and in twenty minutes I had busted the game.

The following morning, we flew to the advanced installation where Father "C" was. I must say it did my heart good to see the expression on his face when I presented the vestment, as Easter was only a few weeks away.

He greeted me afterwards with the words, "Thank you for the donation!" I tried to act completely ignorant of what he meant, but he continued: "It must have been you. I haven't seen that much money in years!"

On my return to Kweilin, I was met by the same fliers, and they inveigled me into another game. This time, my luck wasn't with me, and they broke me. I never did tell them that Father "C" had most of my original winnings to help along his missionary work.

A week later, I met Father "B" and delivered the hosts and the one bottle of wine, rather sheepishly.

Unsung Heroes

IT IS amazing to me what the Maryknollers, Franciscans, and Columbans are doing and accomplishing, especially in China and Burma.

Truly, they are unsung heroes. Their reward is not in this world, and they are happy and content in their tireless service to the human soul, but medals of a special kind should go to them from Washington!



Mr. Gargan carried mission supplies

On the Mission Front

In a Temple Cubbyhole

I WONDER how many times in the past year Father Farnen has covered the thirty miles along the river above the leper home. For along that river are the three relief soup stations of which he is overseer, between jobs at the leper home. It is a populous region on the edge of occupied territory, and the destitute are plentiful. His first station is just a few miles from the leper asylum, and the farthest is in no-man's land. Every time Father Farnen goes to this last station, it is a gamble whether or not he will get in and out before the Japanese do. His sleeping place at the midway station is a temple cubbyhole so narrow that he can't stand sideways beside his bed.

Afoot, on a bicycle, in a boat, he makes the round trip every few days, to check up on supplies, to inspect tickets, to see that regulations are being followed. Sometimes along the road he has to sit in a ditch while guns on the other shore of the wide river are shooting exploratory shells across. On most trips he has to go into Toishan City to get more funds and supplies from the Relief Committee.

When Father first started these trips, he was generally hailed as "Foreign Devil";



Father Joseph Farnen

now the greeting has changed to "Shen Fu (Spiritual Father)." By the time he finishes the soup-supervising job, the region will be ready for a permanent mission station.

— *Bishop Adolph Paschang,
of Martinsburg, Missouri,
now in Kochow, Kwangtung, China*

Salute to Our Lady

WE ARE going to sign off for this month by paying a grateful tribute to Our Lady of Fatima. It's in her honor, to commemorate her appearance after the previous World War, to three hill children of Portugal, that we're dedicating Prado's new adobe chapel. Work was begun last month. Well, yesterday a near calamity occurred. Every day, at practically every hour, children by the dozen play on a broad, mud sidewalk just in front of the old chapel and the new construction. Yesterday, because of high winds, three heavy walls toppled, scoring a direct hit on this sidewalk for a distance of thirty yards. By "chance" it was lunch hour, with not a child in sight! For this "chance," thanks to our *Virgensita!* May her adherents increase by leaps and bounds!

— *Father Richard J. Smith,
of Collins, New York,
now in Talca, Chile*

Tank Meets Tank

ONE night a voice calling, "Hello there! Open up!" interrupted our dreams at ten o'clock and caused us to inquire the identity of the night visitor, who was speaking in English. It turned out that we had for a guest a Lieutenant of the United States Army stationed over here.

He had managed to reach Tanguen, and his Chinese vocabulary of three words, *T'in Chue T'ong*, enabled him to get to the mission. We sat up late into the night as he supplied news of the American Vincentians in another part of China where he had been stationed. His American cigarettes tasted good, and it was with reluctance that we heeded the midnight cock crow and went to bed. The next morning the town was all agog about our visitor. He departed via sampan for his next stop, after leaving a couple of magazines — a rare gift these days. To date we have seen quite a few of the Army men; it's from them that we get most of the news of what's happening in the rest of the world. Some of them have been out from the States only a couple of months. One lad, a corporal, proved to be a parishioner of St. Bartholomew's in Elmhurst; we started swapping names and stories and found that many of the town elders and youngsters were known to both of us.

— Father John McLoughlin,
of Elmhurst,
New York,
now in Tanguen
City, Kwangsi,
China

Power Over Scorpions

IN THE dead of night, an anxious mother called out the Padre to minister to her two-year-old child,



Fr. John McLoughlin



Fr. Norbert Verhagen

who had been bitten by a scorpion. There followed a trip across to the other side of the *barranca*, the flashlight serving faithfully in the thick, damp mist. The little fellow was past all crying, it appeared, but his heart was still pounding furiously. A full injection of our anti-alacron brought him around to full crying vigor, and then followed some hours of trying to keep him in one place. Next day an older brother

came to say the youngster was recovered and to present the Padre with a large basket of foodstuff.

Marbles, or *piches*, as they are called, form the pastime on the village green. Maybe a little ball throwing will catch their fancy later. The older men have a card game outside the window of a shop. One Sunday afternoon Padre Norberto strolled past the window. The men were there, but no cards were in sight.

"Where are your cards, hombres?"

"No cards, Padre. We pray on Sunday."

"Really?" asked the Padre lifting a sombrero from the table and revealing the hands dealt, ready for the first trick. There was a good laugh all around, and once more the sombrero had proved its utility.

— Fr. N. Verhagen, of Kaukauna, Wisc., now in Central America



Fr. Richard Smith

They Shall Not Walk Alone

by SISTER JEANNE MARIE

IF TIME and distance and the heroic qualities of Damien de Veuster have misted over his reality for you, and you can catch only a hazy outline of him standing in the uplands of greatness, the Hawaiian Islands will bring him back whole and clear and human. Reminders of him dot Oahu, Maui, Hawaii, and Molokai, and his name is a household word among their people. Even time seems to shrink, and he is the man you might have met if you had only come a little sooner.

Memory of Damien

AT THE Cathedral in Honolulu, where we went to say our *Te Deum* as soon as we came off ship, we met the next reminder of him, for there he was ordained eighty years ago. And on the Sunday following our arrival, I found myself sitting in a country parish church studying the pastor, a Sacred Heart Father, as he addressed his parishioners. Surely Damien must have been like this — energetic, electrically cheerful, with the same ready smile and quick European gestures accenting his priestly purposefulness. And no doubt he was something like him, for, as I found out later, this present-day priest is a distant relative of his.

It seemed very much in keeping that, as we came out of church, someone whispered to me: "You want to go up and look in the choir loft. The altar where Damien said his first Mass is stored up there."

Weeks later, a plane trip to Maui skirted



Damien — the Martyr of Molokai

Molokai, and I had time for some more long, long thoughts as we looked down on the deep-ridged, surf-encircled island. On Maui itself, Damien turned up again. At St. Anthony's, Wailuku, it is impossible to forget that here he made his choice and spoke his whole-hearted and quickly accepted, "Let me go!"

One day not long ago, I went to Kalihi Hospital. This is not a general hospital, but a place of examination and detention for lepers and leper suspects, who are kept there until they are transferred to Molokai or are discharged as non-leprous. The only

directions the Sisters gave me were not to touch anything. When we came to the gate, I saw two fine-looking boys of about twenty get up from a bench where they had been sitting, wave enthusiastically, and then turn and trot off. They went to round up the others — about nine men, four women, a teen-age boy and a little girl, all of whom are Catholics, some newly baptized, and all of whom attend the Sisters' weekly classes.

We walked through the grounds, which are very near the waterfront, and found the two boys, James and Paul, opening the little chapel to the air and sunlight. They then came out to meet us, two fine-faced, well-built lads with no visible marks on them yet. When Sister asked them how they were feeling, both laughed and flexed their muscles to show her how fit they were. I don't know why the parallel came to me but I thought of the early Christian martyrs. They looked so strong, clean and bright-faced in their light trousers and immaculate white sweat shirts, and there was such an air of easy joy about them, yet both knew they were marked for Molokai and had already received official word of their coming transfer.

Fine Young Fellow

WE WENT into the chapel, and the others came filing in. I saw another fine young fellow of about the same age as James and Paul. He too is newly baptized, and his youth and good looks still manage to triumph over the disease. This he discovered less than a year ago, when an acquaintance pointed to something on his arm and asked, "What's that?"

"Don't know. Ringworm, maybe. It doesn't hurt."

It didn't hurt, either, when the examining doctor to whom he went probed it sharply and asked: "Does that hurt? No? That? No? Well — "

The Dreaded Sign

SOON THIS lad's features will lose their sharp clear outline in the spreading purple-brown knobs of the disease. The deep furrows in the thickening flesh of his forehead spell only leprosy and not the anxiety and discontent we might mistakenly read there, for

he too is remarkably sweet-tempered and very serene and well informed in his newfound Faith.

The Blessed Sacrament is not reserved in the chapel, where the pastor from the parish church says Mass once weekly, on Saturday. Classes are held there, as the most suitable place. Up near the altar rail were three "clean" or untouched pews. The lepers themselves are careful to open doors for you, so you will not need to touch them. The little class was well conducted. They were studying the Mass and had come to the discussion of the Offertory.

"And what should you do when the priest offers the bread and wine to God?"

"Offer them with the priest," said Paul.

"Anything else?"

The answer sprang into at least six pairs of eyes, but no one spoke. The hesitation grew into a little silence. Was it delicacy about saying something which lay so close to their hearts? Then Paul cleared his throat. The silence waited, and listening took on an almost breathless quality.

"Offer ourselves, too," said Paul steadily.

There was an answering affirmation in

each quiet face, from which I had to turn away, thankful that beyond the windows there were waving palms and circling planes in which a newcomer might be excusably interested.

Secret of Damien

OF THE women, three were well along in the disease, which needs no new description. The little girl of eleven, in slacks and barefooted, her blond curly hair in miniature braids, and her beautiful, delicate, little face flushed and earnest, sat between two who looked like death. Her little hand was affectionately on the arm of the worse of the two, and no worry or weariness or disgust was evident in anything she looked or did or said. And when the class was over, she came out arm in arm with them to meet me. All three were from "the big island," as they call Hawaii here.

When asked if they had been friends before, the child blushed apologetically and said, "I didn't know them, but they used to see me." I could easily imagine anyone stopping to notice that little vision go by, and I don't think many would forget it, once seen. Certainly I won't.

There was another still lovely girl, a quiet, dark-eyed Portuguese of just nineteen, who has only a sore knee thus far. I wonder if this is not the hardest stage of the disease to bear — when you are still so unlike what the many surrounding faces and bodies keep insisting you must be-

come. The fourth woman was literally covered with the disease — face, neck, arms, and bare legs. She stopped to tell me about her son who is on a bomber "somewhere in the Pacific" and has only recently learned of her illness. While we talked, it began to rain, the wind was already high, and as we walked along together towards her pavilion, I saw my long scapular whipping out against her bare legs.

Surely I had been cautioned and cautious? And in a flash I understood why Damien had never bothered, could never have bothered, to be cautious. Who was there to open doors for him so that he wouldn't have to touch them? Who could have found one "clean" piece of furniture for him to sit on in the whole of his leper colony? What could he do when his lepers touched him or leaned against him? And why should he balk at eating with them after he had anointed other lepers and buried them with his own hands? What sense would there have been in telling them to put down his pipe if that day he had been exposed a hundred times to contagion, and as many times each day before?

And so the only thing that ever troubled me about Damien cleared up from just that one experience, which I would not have missed for anything. How do we dare to judge God's saints, knowing so little of them? It is good to have the grace to be "plenty ashamed," as they say here. Those that can't be saintly can be sorry!

MARYKNOLL SISTERS,

MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

I will send you, as soon as possible, a U.S. War Bond* or Stamps, to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

My name _____

My address _____

Zone _____

*Bonds for the Maryknoll Sisters should be registered under their legal title: Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. Only Bonds in *Series F and G* may be registered in the name of such a corporation.

MEN OF MARYKNOLL



Speaking of Brushes — Here at Sija we visited a very primitive little factory where brushes, street cleaners' brooms, and the like are made from the stiff roots of a certain grass that grows thereabouts. Later we saw a truckload of the finished products on the road. And would you believe it? These brushes from this tiny little shop, away out in the backwoods of Guatemala's mountains, are all shipped to no other place than New York City itself! It gives us a close-to-home feeling as we read the destination on the shipper's tag. I'm sure the metropolitan stenographer who types those orders has nothing like a correct idea about the kind of place little Sija really is.

— Father Clarence J. Witte,
of Richmond, Indiana,
now in Central America

In the Sign of the Cross — In Hengyang one afternoon an American aviator was seeing the town. He wandered off into the winding alleys and consequently lost his way. Puzzled, he kept on going and finally accosted a young Chinese, seeking help. The aviator pulled out his "talkie" book and pointed to the sentence, "I am lost." The Chinese boy, for some reason, made the sign of the cross, and the American, being a Catholic, did likewise. Then the boy turned around and led the way, and the aviator followed until they reached the Catholic mission. There the Chinese Father in charge, who could speak English,

sent a guide with the American, and he got back to his base safely.

— Father Herbert V. Elliot,
of Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.,
now in Kweilin, So. China

Orders from the Sweetheart — An American soldier, non-Catholic, found his way to our church on West Alley. In the presence of a priest, he reported that his fiancée had given him strict orders to see a priest and no one else, and to seek information about the Catholic Church. The soldier is now receiving instructions from Father Greene and it will not be long he can assure his sweetheart that orders were carried out!

— Monsignor John Romaniello,
of New Rochelle, N. Y.,
now in Kweilin, So. China

Making Limewater — A tank to collect rain water is a necessity here, since the well water is not highly recommended. We watched the mason working on our tank and learned how to avoid contaminated water in truly native style. From the very bucket in which he mixed the lime and the cement, the mason would quench his thirst and then tell us how the lime in the water kills all the germs. Maybe so! But we prefer to invest in a tank rather than in a cement bucket!

— Father John McGuire,
of Mayfield, Pennsylvania
now in Central America



The late Father Leo Sweeney

Korea Pastor

WE REGRET to announce the sudden passing of Father Leo Sweeney at his home in New Britain, Connecticut, on August 26. Death was due to a heart attack.

Father Sweeney was born on August 11, 1902, in New Britain, Connecticut, of Joseph P. Sweeney and Bridget Houlihan, both from Ireland. It was during the summer of 1915 that he decided to enter Maryknoll. His brother Joseph, now pastor of the Ngai Moon leper colony of South China, at that time a student at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore, stopped off at Maryknoll on his way home for vacation and procured a copy of the life of Theophane Venard. "When I finished reading Theophane's life and heard that

there was a Foreign Mission Seminary in the country, I had no doubts about my choice of life," Father Leo wrote. "That was in August, 1915. My brother had long before decided to apply at Maryknoll for admission but had never mentioned it to me. It was a surprise to me when the letter of acceptance came addressed to him and I read that we were accepted."

He was ordained in 1926 and departed for Korea the same year. For sixteen years he labored fruitfully in Korea, most of his time being spent in Chinnampo. He was very successful, with well over four hundred baptisms yearly in the period just before the war between the U. S. and Japan broke out. His primary school accommodated over 1,300 pupils. His old folks' home took care of the destitute aged. He had time, too, to carry on dispensary work for those too poor to go elsewhere.

Father Leo's missionary success was due to his great zeal for souls and love for his people. His eyes twinkled at their foibles so well described in his sketches in *THE FIELD AFAR*, "Charley the Chiseler" and "Peter the Pilgrim." His superiors judged him the best student of the language among our Maryknollers in Korea.

When war broke out, he was interned with eighteen of his fellow missionaries in Peng Yang. He was repatriated in August, 1942. After spending six months in his New Britain home, he was assigned to the Star of the Sea Church in Bremerton, Washington.

Father Sweeney's death is a great shock. We knew him affectionately and well, as we know the lines of the chapel, the front entrance, or the stone tower of Maryknoll. He was strong and dependable. We shall miss him as a brother priest, but our sorrow will not acquire the intensity of that in Chinnampo where his parishioners still await his return after the war.

ry in
t my
That
long
all for
it to
etter
and

arted
years
est of
. He
four
just
and
chool
s old
nged.
ssary
re.

was
love
their
ches
eler"
riors
lan-
area.
urned
ers in
August,
his
o the
ton,

ock.
al, as
front
noll.
shall
sor-
that
still



Poor man's build-
ing material is the
adobe brick, mold-
ed from moist clay
and straw. Plenti-
ful and cheap, it is
always at hand for
the needy misioner.



Fr. Taggart and his blind and
(left) White Cloud Street
where the demon drums beat



Demon Drums

by MRS. CHARLES LEWIS

**Fr. Taggart died in China in 1931.
Mrs. Lewis, wife of a Presbyterian
minister, arranged for his burial**

BEYOND the city walls, we could hear the mad booming of the Chinese demon drums. They were calling out the populace of Yeungkong. The drums are beaten when the natives pray for rain. The same drums are sounded as a defense against death devils. Thumping in rumbling agitation, they were rolling up their

roaring thunder because we were about to violate tradition. Not only that, but we were defying the labor guilds.

It all started a few days before, when Father Phil Taggart, a Maryknoll priest, did not show up to play bridge. It was his custom for many months to come over on Thursday afternoons. We thought he might send a note. When he didn't, we went to his compound, inside the East Gate, across from the Chinese middle school. My husband and I found him collapsed and seriously ill. We ordered stretcher bearers to carry him to our Presbyterian Hospital,

five minutes' walk outside the city limits.

Father Taggart feebly trying to express his gratitude made me want to cry. He loved us both as if we were part of his own family.

We had native nurses there but no doctor. We read the medical books and tried to make a diagnosis but Father Taggart's ailment baffled us. We could do nothing. When we saw he was about to die, we sent for his assistant, Father Connors, who administered Extreme Unction.

"Stay close to me," Father Taggart begged. "I haven't been the priest and prophet I should have been."

Disloyal Gateman

"DON'T mind, Phil. God knows all," Father Connors said. He could have added that not only God but pretty nearly every educated person in that section of South China knew what a great work he had done.

In hurried consultation we decided to defy tradition. We would send out for stretcher men instead of coffin bearers. We'd pretend he was still alive. It was a great risk because in China a man must have his funeral from where he dies. If the service is conducted some place else the Chinese believe that evil spirits hover over that location for years, cursing the residents, playing havoc with their lives. But we knew if the natives thought he was still breathing when he arrived at his compound they would allow him to be buried from there.

But our own gateman, clinging to Oriental custom, upset our scheme. He sent for coffin bearers, and the spectators seeing the coffin, knew that Father Taggart was dead. Moving along in the flickery torch light toward the city gate, the coffin bearers, eight of them, had all they could do to carry the casket, made of thick cypress slabs.

Throbbing with maddening regularity the demon drums beat out the indignation of the people. I shuddered at what our fate might be.

Turning into White Cloud Street, we were almost in front of the Catholic compound when in a terrifying human cloudburst the natives literally rained down upon us. Armed with hoe handles, weapons from the ancestral temples, bricks and stones, they seemed to exude from the very trees and walls.

Ah Wong, head of the beggar clan, leader of the guilds, was their spokesman. For four hundred dollars, he said, we could take Father Taggart into his compound for burial.

I thought of all the medical supplies four hundred dollars would buy. Desperately I called out, "Don't give it to them, Charlie!"

A Quick Decision

ONCE again we made a swift decision. I sent servants' darting into the compound to bring out altar equipment. We faced about, to return to the Presbyterian mission with the priest. He would be buried there with Catholic rites. To our great relief the crowd parted and let us through. Our prompt action was a move they had not anticipated.

But when we were safely in our own compound, the fury at not getting the money caught up with them. All that night, stones showered on the chapel roof where we kept watch over Father Taggart.

Father Connors conducted the funeral service. I'm sure Father Taggart, from his special niche in heaven, has long since forgiven us for not insisting that his earthly remains be buried from his own chapel. For the four hundred dollars which it would have cost bought medicine for hundreds of sick Chinese treated at our hospital.

Our Lord's Messenger

by J. MORIARTY

TOM still can't believe it is true. He repeatedly thinks that any day now he will awake and find himself back on 36th Street; back as a messenger boy; back with the Western Union. All this seems too good to be true.

What a dream! It just couldn't be true; things just don't work out this way. He, Tom, a messenger boy, here at the Maryknoll Apostolic College to prepare to be a missioner of Christ? Fantastic! Had not all missioners been heroes? Had they not been supermen? Had they not been skilled and talented in every field of endeavor, and had they not been men to undergo and undertake every hardship that could face man? Had they not been all these things and more? Now, what could Our Lord be doing with him, a messenger boy? A messenger boy among these men! The thought grips Tom constantly.

What right has he to be here? What can Our Lord do with him in such a company of men? What need has Our Lord of his services? And to preach the gospel of peace! Hadn't he been in the thick of every scrap back home in the old neighborhood? Had not the cops chased him for every offense, from stickball to pushing bell buttons? Had he not been one of Sister Helena's biggest problems? Now what would Our Lord be doing with him? Of course it is a dream: this can't be true.

Such are the thoughts of Tom. He

reflects on those days in 36th Street — a year there, wasn't it? — when he tramped the pavements of New York for Western Union, delivering telegrams to his hero of that time, J. P. Morgan, whose residence was just down the street. He recalls the thrill he received in delivering that telegram to Kate Smith; the day he delivered those rabbits to Lily Pons; the three telegrams he delivered to Sweepstakes winners without receiving a tip; the time he picked up Chemical Combustion telegrams, two blocks away and up two flights of stairs, and was credited with the lordly sum of two cents because it happened to be

in "zone A." But are these reflections of the past, or are they something real, and to be resumed when this most happy dream comes to an end? Tom wonders; he is puzzled!

"A messenger boy! Why, what can I do here? Am I not out of place here?" Tom looks at that boy, an accomplished musician; but then he takes courage as he sees Joe, who can't even get a tune on a harmonica. There is Tim, a skilled linguist who can speak many languages; however, there is a fellow who still has trouble with his Latin conjugations.

Tom considers. . . . Yes, here at the Maryknoll Apostolic College, at this missionary training ground, are the heroes he always associated with a missionary seminary; but there are also many other,

Boys who wish to be priests should (1) pray for light, (2) choose a confessor and follow his advice, (3) receive the Sacraments frequently, (4) attend a Catholic high school, if they cannot enter a seminary, and get good courses in Latin, English, science, and mathematics.

different types, types which he, Tom, knows only too well. True, there is the boy whom his gang would have fought to make leader back home; there is the fellow with that smooth poise, that dignified manner and bearing denoting every inch a gentleman; there is the campus celebrity, the four-letter man who would stand out on any college campus in the country. But these are not the only fellows here; that can be plainly seen. Why, look at Steve — he would be right at home on the newspaper line-up, waiting for that early edition to come up. And there is Don, who always reminds him of that pickled-herring salesman at home; there is a boy who could be found behind a soda fountain; and there is the delicatessen clerk who used to dish the potato salad out every Friday night.

"Why," Tom exclaims, "if these fellows are here, surely there must be a place also for a messenger! If Our Lord will have soda-fountain men in His army, if He will have grocery clerks about Him, why, surely a messenger boy can't be too out of place."

Tom prays hard along these lines. His repeated prayer is not one which any of the saints used; it is not one which would be found in a prayer book; it is not one handed down by the Fathers of the Church. Tom's prayer is simple; it is from the very depth of his heart. His prayer to Our Lord is that if all this is not a dream, if all this is true, if this is paradise found, if this is the realization of his wildest dreams, then let Our Lord make him a messenger of souls as he was a messenger of telegrams; make him work for souls as he worked for those "zone B" messages; make him stretch his long legs on "the King's highway" and byways as he strode those New York pavements. "Make me, O Lord, Your messenger!"

Three-Minute Meditation

"We give Thee thanks for all Thy blessings and graces." — Grace after Meals.

IN A FEW days the President will proclaim the last Thursday of this month a day of national thanksgiving to God for all His benefits to our country, to our citizens, and to the world. As individuals we should cultivate the practice of thanking God daily for His gifts to us and to those we love.

God made all things in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and He made all things good. He owns everything, and in His goodness He has given the earth and its fruits to us to use. When we misuse creatures, we perform evil deeds, we make God's handiwork bad. Sin and evil enter the world through man.

Our first obligation in regard to God's gifts is to thank Him. In moments of depression and discouragement, it is a salutary practice to write down a list of the gifts for which we should thank God: our faith, our health, our parents, our home, our country; the sunshine, the rain, the day, the night; our food, the air we breathe, the birds, the trees — everything we know and use for they are God's, and He has loaned them to us. To develop the habit of gratitude, it is a good idea to say, "Thank you!" to every person who performs the slightest favor for us.

Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.



This Is a Ghost Picture

ONE of the most welcome and encouraging offers to help Maryknoll raise funds for its new Seminary Chapel came recently from the seminarians at St. Joseph's Seminary in Dunwoodie.

The future priests of the Archdiocese of New York heard that we were encouraging 500 donations of \$500 each, for the Chapel that is to be built after the war.

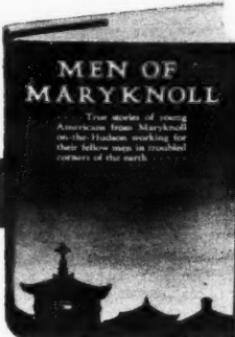
Without further ado, they banded together to raise \$500 during the scholastic year.

We are particularly pleased by this gift. First of all, it comes from young Americans who are deeply interested in extending their priesthood over the world. Then, too, this \$500 from these seminarians will be made up of at least a thousand acts of self-sacrifice which mean far more to Maryknoll than money.

Small Gifts Welcome

THE fact that we have set our goal for 500 units of \$500 each, to build the Seminary Chapel, doesn't mean that small gifts are not acceptable. Quite the contrary! We welcome with open arms any and every offering, be it small or large. Whether you can give \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10 — or anything up to \$500 — be assured that we shall be delighted to have it for the Chapel. And if an occasional benefactor wishes to give more than \$500, we shan't mind that, either. Tell your friends about our Chapel Fund. It offers a grand opportunity to have a part in the spiritual training of Maryknoll missionaries for generations to come. If you are interested please address:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.



MARYKNOLL'S

big three: biography of Bishop Walsh, biography of Father Price, and stories of Men of Maryknoll on the missions

ALL THE DAY LONG — Biography of Bishop James A. Walsh, by Daniel Sargent.

\$2.50

MEN OF MARYKNOLL — Stories of Maryknoll missionaries, by Father James G. Keller and Meyer Berger.

\$2.00

TAR HEEL APOSTLE — Biography of Father Thomas F. Price, by John C. Murrett.

\$2.50

SPECIAL BIG 3 OFFER

\$7.00 Value for \$5.00

CURRENT BOOKS

OUR NEIGHBORS THE CHINESE — A hundred-page booklet, illustrated by F. D. David.

35¢

ACROSS A WORLD — World view of Catholic missions, by John J. Considine.

Cloth, \$2.50
 Paper, \$1.50

MARCH INTO TOMORROW — Story of Maryknoll in the Orient, by John J. Considine.

\$2

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS — Two vols., 1942.
 Two vols., 1943. One vol., 1944. 50¢ each vol.

PATTERN FOR TOMORROW — Story for "teen age," by Sister M. Juliana.

\$2

WHEN THE SORGUM WAS HIGH — Biography of Father Gerard Donovan.

Cloth, \$2; Paper, \$1

ONE INCH OF SPLENDOR — Apostle of Maryknoll Sisters in China.

\$1

LOTING BOOKS — Five stories for children by Julie Bedier. Pamphlet edition, \$1.25 a set. Bound edition, boxed, \$4.50

MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF,

Maryknoll, N. Y.

Please send the books checked.

\$ enclosed.

Bill me.

Name
.....

Address Zone

.....

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

From Bolivia Father Flaherty Writes: "All our lumber has to come from Oregon, U.S.A. — down the west coast of the United States, through the Canal, around the bulge of Brazil, up the Amazon for two thousand miles and more. Naturally beams and joints are costly. Bricks for our church we can make locally, but the roof frame is another matter." Will someone contribute \$400 to help pay for a roof?

Bear One Another's Burdens. Who will take a little of the crushing and terrible load of misery a Chinese leper must carry? Who will give \$5 to take care of him for a month?

A Gift of \$5 To Feed a Chinese Child will win a friend for your country and your God — for the Chinese will not forget who stood by them in their time of trouble.

Maryknoll Missioners are friends of the Chinese, but native priests are their own brothers. To train a Maryknoll missioner in America costs \$6,000; to train a native priest in China costs \$1,500 — and a native can accomplish more in any country! Who will provide a scholarship for either?

Write Maryknoll into Your Will. Then you can make a really big gift without any reduction of the funds you require for your own livelihood.

With Quinine Hard to Get, malaria is doubly dangerous, and a mosquito netting

doubly important, for missioners in tropical areas. Bed nets cost \$10, but they save lives.

"Worn Out with Well-Doing" — vestments used in celebrating Mass at the Seminary. Another set has been ordered, to cost \$40. Who will help us pay for it?

Begin now to plan your gift for the Maryknoll Chapel, to be built at the Seminary after the war is over. Maryknoll, which has erected so many churches for others, has no chapel of its own. Help us get one! Any gift will be welcome, large or small.

One Dollar per Day per Man is the average cost of keeping a Maryknoll missioner in the field. Who will sponsor one man for one day per month for one year — \$12 total?

Will You Give \$25 to pay for Mass wine and hosts for one year for a single Maryknoll mission?

Without His Horse Paul Revere wouldn't have accomplished much. Without his horse, the Maryknoll missioner in Central America is badly handicapped. More horses are needed, to help missioners get to their people. One horse costs \$100.

Library for a Missioner — Bible, Missal, Breviary, Cookbook. Who has \$2.50 to spare for a book of recipes for a lone missioner who must prepare his own food?

We All Grow Old — and who can be sure he will be safe from misfortune? Let us do unto the old people of China as we would have others do unto us if we were similarly driven from our homes by war. Maryknoll needs \$500 to care for 100 old people for a month. Can you give some part of it?

MARYKNOLL URGENT NEEDS

Medicine — China	\$100	Boys' Club — Bolivia	\$250
Mass Candles — Peru	30	Refugees — China	100
Rice — China	100	Rectory — Ecuador	500
Auto Truck — Bolivia	800	Education of native priest — Peru (yearly)	150
Catechist Support — China (monthly)	15	Church Repairs — Cent. America	500
Stove — Chile	40	Rectory Repairs—Cent. America	300

Buy War Bonds — for investment, for your own future, for your country. Buy Bonds Series *F* or *G* in the name of *Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc.*, and send them to Maryknoll as "stringless" gifts.





The Departure Ceremony — good tradition at Maryknoll — begins, and the young priests about to leave for the mission fields step forward to receive their assignment and their treasured mission crucifix. For a word on how to help one of the 34 departants of 1944 reach his post, see page 21.

